

# Good Morning 619

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Why England is Proud of the Philharmonic

BEFORE the war the English had the reputation of being an unmusical nation. However true that belief may have been at the time, the war years have proved the fallacy of this idea.

In 1932, Sir Thomas Beecham formed the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and the first concert given by the combination proved to be something of a revelation in the standard of orchestral playing in this country.

Within a very short time the L.P.O. established its reputation as being second to none among the great orchestras of the world. Not only did it appear at most of the English Musical Festivals, such as Leeds, Sheffield and Norwich, but it became the permanent orchestra for the International Grand Opera Season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and for the Russian Ballet Seasons which were given each autumn at the same Opera House.

TO add to its many triumphs, the Orchestra visited Brussels in the summer of 1935, then in 1936, at the invitation of the German Government, the Orchestra made a fortnight's tour of Hitler's Reich.

In the spring of 1937 they appeared at the Paris Opera House, and the reception given to their performances in these "musical countries" left nothing to be desired.

But as the war-clouds gathered over Europe and international affairs became more strained, Sir Thomas Beecham found that the financial support, which in the early days had been so willingly given to the Orchestra, was no longer available, and in September, 1939, the Orchestra was forced to retire in a state of liquidation. But this didn't suit the players themselves!

They felt that the country still needed good music, and they formed a committee of playing members.

The L.P.O. toured all over England, Scotland and Wales, visiting towns that had never seen and heard a symphony Orchestra in the flesh, and eventually succeeded in building up



a music-loving public which, like Oliver Twist, kept asking for more.

The early visits to these

either before or after the concert was but one of the many discomforts encountered.

This sort of thing was a daily occurrence, as the L.P.O. was appearing in a different town each day, and at the week-end they always returned to London in order to play at the Sunday concerts which were then being given at Queen's Hall. This meant that all-night journeys from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle or Manchester were frequently necessary.

Sometimes the players slept in concert halls, railway stations, and even police stations.

In Manchester, Newcastle and Coventry the concerts were at times interrupted by air-raid warnings, and on occasions when the all-clear had not sounded by the end of the programme, the orchestra has returned to the platform and put on an impromptu performance.

By July, 1940, the position of the L.P.O. was again very precarious, but thanks to the timely help of Mr. J. B. Priestley, who organised a "Musical Manifesto" at Queen's Hall, renewed interest by the general public was again aroused, and Mr. Jack Hylton arranged for the orchestra to appear at a number of the largest music-halls in different parts of the country.

The first appearance under Mr. Hylton's direction was at the Empire, Glasgow, and it is interesting to note that the L.P.O. broke the record for this theatre the record having been previously held by the presentation of the famous B.B.C. feature—"Band Waggon."

During the week the L.P.O. gave 12 concerts, two each day, and played to audiences num-

bering more than 30,000 people. The programmes offered great variety, and apart from the approximately 70 players more popular symphonies, such as Schubert's "Unfinished," often in the "black-out," and Dvorak's "New World" and then having to look for Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique," included works such as The

By A. McCORDALL

SINCE you were home on leave last October, A.B. Williams, the biggest grumble at 45, Danygraig Road, Swansea, is that Brian, your 20-months-old son, is leading everyone a regular dance; and, if what we are told is true, Grandpa Webb is the cause of it.

He's teaching the kid all the tricks!

You see him here with your wife, Winnie, all poshed-up—just going to town to see what can be done with the latest issue of coupons, plus the latest issue of Navy money.

You'll be interested to know to-day, and send him all my that your father (Petty Officer love—don't forget that."

to make him realise he was a bloody highbrow."

The L.P.O. has made a special feature of concerts for young people, and in many towns have given afternoon concerts which have had audiences of 2,000 or 3,000 schoolchildren.

The programmes have been presented with conductors who have a special gift for explaining the different items to the children before and during the actual performances.

In May, 1941, the L.P.O. again met with disaster. On a Saturday afternoon they had been playing at Queen's Hall, and as they were due at the same hall for a rehearsal and concert on the following day, most of the players left their instruments there in readiness.

On arriving on the Sunday morning they discovered Queen's Hall to be nothing but a ruin—bombed out.

But the players decided that the concert must be given elsewhere, so from various sources they obtained the loan of other instruments, and only half an hour later than the advertised time the concert was given in The Duke's Hall at The Royal Academy of Music.

At various times during these five and a half years the L.P.O. has given a number of concerts sponsored by the Allied Governments operating in London.

Russian, French, Polish and Czech composers have all been featured in turn, and now that France has been liberated a number of French conductors and soloists have visited this country, to appear with unqualified success at the L.P.O. concerts in London, Bristol, Birmingham, and other provincial cities. England has indeed cause to be proud of the L.P.O.

## Memories for Tel. Eddie Lee



WE visited No. 70 High Street, Reigate, Tel. Eddie Lee, one Sunday afternoon, and found your wife seated by the fireside writing to you.

She had spent a very enjoyable morning looking at "our flat" and enjoying a "light" at the Yew Tree which is at the foot of Colley Hill.

Look to your prowess at billiards and darts. Your wife threatens to whitewash you at darts unless you play the same kind of game as you did on that putting green with Kay.

All at No. 46 and 2 (?) are keeping well and looking forward to your return.

Your wife closes by saying she is counting the days when spring flowers turn to summer roses.

Learning the  
Tricks, A.B.  
David Williams



We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

vah, returned from a holiday in the South of France and brought the first seeds to England.

He wondered whether the giant anemone, which bloomed in abundance on the Riviera during the winter months, would also flower in the warm soil of his Cornish rectory garden.

His first anemone patch covered four square yards. The next year he gave some seeds to a friend in the nursery trade. So began a new and profitable industry.

In seven years the number of anemone growers had risen to a small army of 1,000. Farms devoted to this flower sprang up in many sheltered spots of the Devon and Cornish coasts.

Men in grey inland mining villages began to raise anemones in their back gardens. Civil servants and others living on a small pension turned eagerly to the prospects of anemone-raising as a hobby. Smallholders discovered a new era of prosperity.

Farmers discovered cheerful accounting in anemones. Corms could be bought from Dutch salesmen for 10s. a thousand,

An acre of anemones, costing £40 to plant and £25 to weed, and £35 to cut, bunch, box and market might bring anything from £150 to £250.

Before the war, 6,000 people were engaged in the anemone industry and 1,000 acres of the West Country were devoted to this flower.

The turnover of the industry stood at somewhere around £250,000, and as many as 600,000 blooms were handled at Covent Garden in a morning.

Down in Cornwall, on a farm overlooking the tranquil Fal, I recently saw this year's first gathering of anemones. The men have been called up, but the older women are carrying on.

There is nothing very spectacular about it, for the flowers, when gathered, remain half-furled and the squat, damp rows of blooms seem fit company for the potatoes and broccoli which form their rotation crops.

The harvest is a back-breaking job, but the growers count on 250,000 blooms a day.

Somehow or other, they say, come raids, come rain, the shining, bright anemones will gladden the hearts of the old folks at home. RON GARTH.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

## — You have only your watch-and-chains to lose!

**What happens when a "Poor Little Rich Boy" meets a sturdy son of toil provides a surprise for Communists and a belly laugh for all in O. HENRY'S "SOCIOLOGY IN SERGE AND STRAW"**

THE season of irresponsibility is at hand. Come, that, if the world were round, let us twine round our brows wreaths of poison ivy (that is for idiocy) and wander hand-in-hand with sociology in the summer fields.

Likely as not the world is flat. The wise men have tried to prove that it is round, with indifferent success. They pointed out to us a ship going to sea, and bade us observe that at length, the convexity of the earth hid from our view all but the vessel's topmast. But we picked up a telescope and looked, and saw the decks and hull again.

**Then the wise men said: "Oh, pshaw! anyhow, the variation of the intersection of the equator and the ecliptic proves it."**

We could not see this through our telescope, so we remained

silent. But it stands to reason that, if the world were round, the queues of Chinamen would stand straight up from their heads instead of hanging down their backs, as travellers assure us they do.

Another hot-weather corroboration of the flat theory is the fact that all of life, as we know it, moves in little, unavailing circles.

More justly than to anything else, it can be likened to the game of baseball. Crack! we hit the ball, and away we go. If we earn a run (in life we call it success) we get back to the home plate and sit upon a bench. If we are thrown out, we walk back to the home plate—and sit upon a bench.

The circumnavigators of the alleged globe may have sailed the rim of a watery circle back to the same port again. The

truly great return at the high tide of their attainments to the simplicity of a child. The billionaire sits down at his mahogany to his bowl of bread and milk. When you reach the end of your career, just take down the sign "Goal" and look at the other side of it. You will find "Beginning Point" there. It has been reversed while you were going around the track.

But this is humour, and must be stopped. Let us get back to the serious questions that arise whenever sociology turns summer boarder.

You are invited to consider the scene of the story—wild Atlantic waves, thundering against a wooded and rock-bound shore—in the Greater City of New York.

The town of Fishampton, on

the south shore of Long Island, is noted for its clam fritters and the summer residence of the Van Plushvelts.

The Van Plushvelts have a hundred million dollars, and their name is a household word with tradesmen and photographers.

On the fifteenth of June the Van Plushvelts boarded up the front door of their city house, carefully deposited their cat on the sidewalk, instructed the caretaker not to allow it to eat any of the ivy on the walls, and whizzed away in a 40-horse-power to Fishampton to stray alone in the shade—Amaryllis not being in their class.

If you are a subscriber to the "Toadies' Magazine," you have often—You say you are

not? Well, you buy it at a news-stand, thinking that the news-dealer is not wise to you. But he knows about it all. HE KNOWS—HE KNOWS!

I say that you have often seen in the "Toadies' Magazine" pictures of the Van Plushvelts' summer home; so it will not be described here.

Our business is with young Haywood Van Plushvelt, sixteen years old, heir to the century of millions, darling of the financial gods and great-grandson of Peter Van Plushvelt, former owner of a particularly fine cabbage patch that has been ruined by an intrusive lot of downtown skyscrapers.

One afternoon young Haywood Van Plushvelt strolled out between the granite gateposts of "Dolce Far Niente"—that's what they called the place; and it was an improvement on Dolce Far Rockaway, I can tell you.

Haywood walked down into the village. He was human, after all, and his prospective millions weighed upon him. Wealth had wreaked upon him his direfullest. He was the product of private tutors.

Even under his first hobbyhorse had tan bark been strewn. He had been born with a gold spoon, lobster fork and fish-set in his mouth.

For which I hope, later, to submit justification, I must ask your consideration of his haberdashery and tailoring.

Young Fortunatus was dressed in a neat suit of dark blue serge, a neat, white straw hat, neat low-cut tan shoes, linen of the well-known "immaculate" trade mark, a neat, narrow four-in-hand tie, and pecking at his grub again!"

carried a slender, neat, bamboo cane.

Down Persimmon Street (there's never tree north of Hagerstown, Md.) came from the village "Smoky" Dodson, fifteen and a half, worst boy in Fishampton.

"Smoky" was dressed in a ragged red sweater, wrecked and weather-worn golf cap, run-over shoes, and trousers of the "serviceable" brand. Dust, clinging to the moisture induced by free exercise, darkened wide areas of his face.

"Smoky" carried a baseball bat and a league ball that advertised itself in the rotundity of his trousers pocket. Haywood stopped and passed the time of day.

"Going to play ball?" he asked.

"Smoky's" eyes and countenance confronted him with a

(Continued on Page 3)

### USELESS EUSTACE



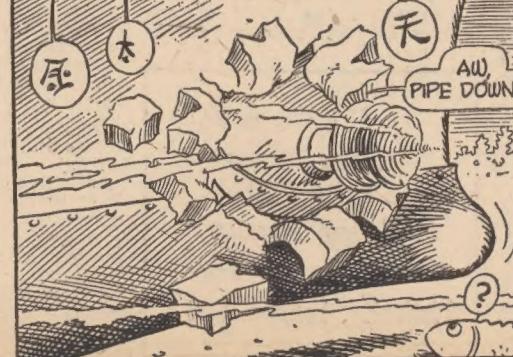
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



A REAL estate firm received the following reply to a Help Wanted ad. in the "Waterbury (Conn.) Republican": "I am answering your advt. I am at liberty. Can act as your clerk and office girl. How much do you pay? What are the hours? What do you mean by stabilisation plan? Does that mean I have to go out with the boss?"

SOMEONE recently ran a "Card of Thanks" in the "Minneapolis Sunday Tribune," giving "especial thanks" to certain initialised people "for their kindness in the loss of my husband." The loss occurred through divorce proceedings, and those being thanked were the witnesses for the wife.

# WANGLING WORDS—558

(Continued from Page 2)  
frank blue-and-freckled scrutiny.  
"Me?" he said, with deadly mildness, "sure not. Can't you see I've got a divin' suit on? I'm goin' up in a submarine balloon to catch butterflies with a two-inch auger."

"Excuse me," said Haywood, with the insulting politeness of his caste, "for mistaking you for a gentleman. I might have known better."

"How might you have known better if you thought I was one?" said "Smoky," unconsciously a logician.

"By your appearance," said Haywood. "No gentleman is dirty, ragged and a Mar."

"Smoky" hooted once like a ferry-boat, spat on his hand, got a firm grip on his baseball bat and then dropped it against the fence.

"Say," said he, "I know you. You're the pup that belongs in that swell private summer sanitorium for city guys over there. I seen you

come out of the gate. You mollycoddle is," said "Smoky." "I'm not bluff nobody because it's a monkey dressed up by you're rich. And because you its mother and sent out to pick got on swell clothes. Arabella!"

"Ragamuffin!" said Haywood.

"Smoky" picked up a fence-splinter and laid it on his shoulder.

"Dare you to knock it off," he challenged.

"I wouldn't soil my hands with you," said the aristocrat.

"Fraid," said "Smoky" concisely. "Youse city ducks ain't got the sand. I kin lick you with one hand."

"I don't wish to have any trouble with you," said Haywood. "I asked you a civil question; and you replied like a—like a—cad."

"Wot's a cad?" asked "Smoky."

"A cad is a disagreeable person," answered Haywood, "who lacks manners and doesn't know his place. They sometimes play baseball."

"I can tell you what a

# Your Name by Magic

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

which it is to be found, the sum taking one letter at a time, in the way outlined above. The whole word or name may be plainly spelled out.

Take the word JANE, for example. J is found in two columns beginning with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet. Their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, the first, where it stands at the head. N is seen in which of the columns the it stands at the head. N is seen first letter of the name is contained. If it is found in one column it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one alphabet; added, they give column it is found by adding fourteen, or N; and so on.

Syd de Hempsey

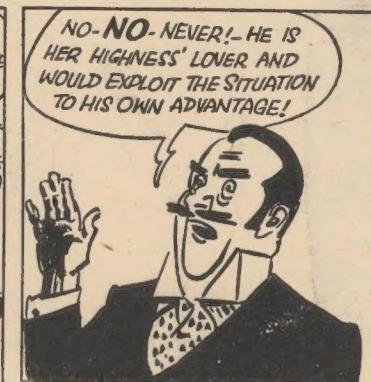
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 557

1. L-arch.
2. It was the schooner Hesperus.
3. ConSTAble.
4. Saw, was.

## JANE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## Knees Up, Miss Lamarr

HEDY LAMARR is a lovely woman. "Lift up your skirts," roared Jean Negulesco. "I want to see your knees!" Hedy and others on the stage stared at the director. Of course, Hedy would affect some men like that. But as she raised her skirts Negulesco explained.

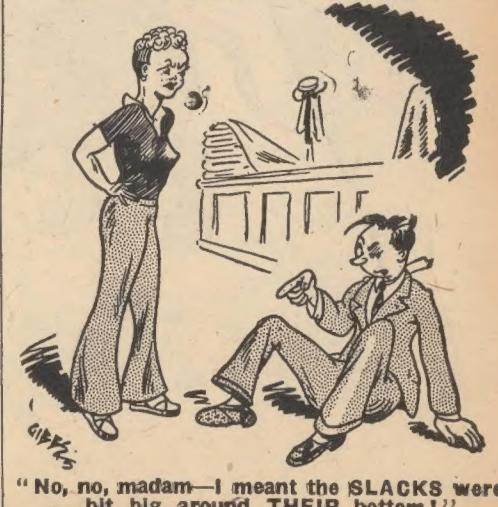
The star was standing on a rock, with the wind whipping her skirts around, for a scene reproducing the Portuguese coast for Warner Bros.' "The Conspirators," which will be shown in London soon.

"Your knees," said Negulesco, "aren't they white?" Sure enough, there was white flesh above where brown make-up ended, and it was being revealed when the skirt flapped.

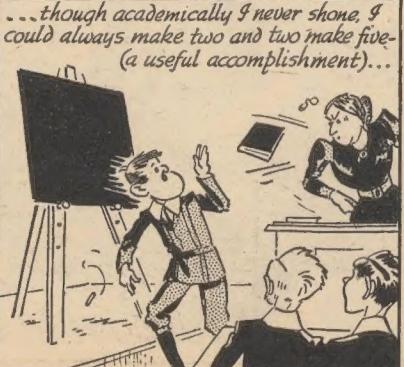
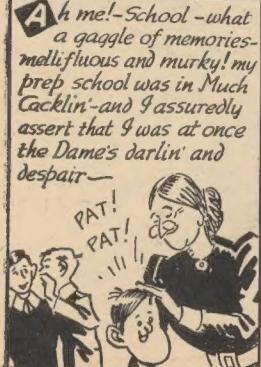
"Make-up man, paint Hedy Lamarr's knees," Negulesco ordered. And at that moment the make-up man became the envy of every man working on the set.

"This is one assignment I take for myself," asserted the make-up man, as he strode forward. "I'd just like to see anybody try to stop me." He was about to disappear behind the rock with the lovely Miss Lamarr when a female voice yelled, "Just a minute, you! I'll take that job."

The owner of the female voice did, too. She was the hair-dresser—and the make-up man's wife!



## JUST JAKE



Good  
Morning

Jane and Greta say:

**"IT'S NICE KNOWING YOU BOYS"**



Oh-hh, the elephants  
danced around,  
And the band began to  
play,  
And all the "Janes" in  
Portsmouth Town  
Were dressed in the rig of  
the day.

And this is our 'Jane  
dressed in the rig of the  
day ! Trouble is, the  
Editor says, Jane's careless  
about details. He told us  
she was improperly  
dressed—but we've peered  
at her cap and examined  
her rings, but blessed if  
we can see it.

We present—"Greetings from Greta"—this  
programme comes to  
you from Steve Dow-  
ling, the artist who  
draws "Ruggles" for  
you each morning. He  
says "Good Hunting,  
blokes," and she says,  
"You'll be seeing me."

